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THE AMERICAN.

VOL. IX.—NO. 221.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1884.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE town of Malden, in Massachusetts, has had the pleasure of hearing at one meeting two young statesmen who already have risen to national distinction, although neither has reached his thirtieth year. As Mr. CABOT LODGE is running for Congress in that district, his friend, Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, came over from New York to give him a helping hand, and both addressed the meeting after Governor ROBINSON had spoken. Mr. LODGE said, toward the close of his speech:

Allow me to take exception to the statement recently made at Medford that I was a Free Trader and a member of a Free Trade club. The fact is that in 1880 I was elected an honorary member of the Cobden Club in England. I wrote at once to the Club that I could not become a member of it, because I was not a Free Trader, and I asked that my name be stricken from the roll. I have a press copy of my letter, which the gentleman who criticised me can see at any time. I believe that our tariff should be laid so as to protect our industries. Let us lay our taxes so that they will benefit us and not somebody else across the water. All the London papers are supporting Mr. Cleveland, because they think if the Democratic party is successful the tariff will be reduced or wholly taken off.

It appears to be a regular trick of the Cobden Club to elect to honorary membership any young man who has won distinction in public life in this or other countries. They seem to hope that the compliment will be found so flattering as to induce them to put on the Free Trade yoke, even though they have not given the matter any especial attention. It is like the knighthood conferred on Canadian politicians, to make or keep them zealous for "the British connection." The same trick was tried on Mr. Garfield, which probably put Mr. LODGE on his guard.

Mr. ROOSEVELT spoke in Malden, as elsewhere, of his close observation of Mr. CLEVELAND's brief career. "I do not think he is a demagogue; I do think he is a Democratic politician. He has been a good Governor, for a Democrat, but there has been nothing whatever in his career to warrant us in saying that he would be able to resist the almost incalculable pressure of his party which would be brought to bear upon him if elected. * * * His career can be roughly divided into two parts—prior to and after the 1st of last March, when he began to be talked about as the Democratic candidate; and his actions after that were widely different from his actions before." This the speaker showed from his vetoes of bills to reform the city government on just the lines he had suggested to the previous Legislature. Such of them as affected only Republican or Tammany offi-

cials he signed. Those which the County Democracy disliked he vetoed.

Of Mr. BLAINE's candidacy Mr. ROOSEVELT said:

Mr. Blaine was nominated much against the wishes of many of us, against my wishes and against my efforts. He was nominated fairly and honorably because the delegates at the Chicago Convention fairly represented the sentiment of the great Republican States. He was nominated because those whom Abraham Lincoln, in one of his quaint, homely phrases that meant so much, called "the plain people," wished to see him as their President. He was nominated against the wishes of some of the most intellectual and the most virtuous and honorable men of the great seaboard cities, but he was nominated fairly and honorably, because those who represent the bone and the sinew of the Republican party, those who have constituted the main strength of that party, wished it, and I for one am quite content to abide by the decision of the plain people.

The Boston *Advertiser*, which does itself honor by making full reports of the meetings and speeches on both sides, says that Mr. ROOSEVELT's "clear and candid presentation of his reasons for supporting BLAINE and LOGAN surprised the audience, as much as the singularly youthful figure of the speaker."

ONE of the latest accusations against Mr. BLAINE, which has been played on to several different tunes, is that he is an idiot. It is said that he has bartered away the patronage of Pennsylvania in exchange for the support of Mr. CAMERON and his following. Nobody but an idiot buys what he does not want of a man who does not have it for sale. Mr. CAMERON has nothing to sell in Pennsylvania that is worth Mr. BLAINE's purchase, and Mr. BLAINE knows it. Mr. CAMERON is still a Republican leader in this State, and as such we have no grudge against him. The Clan CAMERON has dissolved. Its members are shifting each for himself. He is no longer the Republican leader. If he is to be re-elected to the Senatorship—which we doubt—it will be because the people have acquired a liking for him, of which they never have given any evidence. It will not be done by the action of a cohort of politicians, for such a co-operation against the people's will would plunge the party into the old state of civil war.

Mr. CAMERON has nothing to sell, and if he had Mr. BLAINE has no need to buy. He is sure of this State. In no part of the country has he more earnest friends than among the Independents of Pennsylvania. He is too good a general, if he had no higher principle, than to discomfit his best friends. And it is one of the charges brought by his enemies that he always stands by his friends.

MASSACHUSETTS is in some sense the focus of the ex-Republican party, who call them-

selves "Republicans and Independents" on the sign of their Boston headquarters. But a careful canvass made of the State by the Republican State Committee indicates an increased Republican majority. The BUTLER vote will be large, and will be drawn mainly from the Democrats. The Irish bolt to BLAINE outnumbers as well as outweighs the ex-Republican vote from him. The tariff issue tells as much as in any other State, and especially since Colonel CARROLL D. WRIGHT's indisputable statistics put the contrast between Massachusetts and English wages before the working people. Nor can the Independents of that State, in view of their past declarations, conceal the Free Trade motive of their movement. A very few of them, like President ELIOT, of Harvard, have the manliness to avow it. The rest try to cover it under a preference for Mr. CLEVELAND's personal character and public record to those of Mr. BLAINE! There is no accounting for tastes.

In the meantime the Independents are doing good service to the Democratic party. They do not count for much, but they have money. The Democrats have been in need of a large sum to pay poll taxes in the poorer wards of Boston, where the Democratic machine has its strength. Every poll-tax paid now makes a voter for the Machine when the city elections come off in December. The Independents profess a great horror for the works of the Machine in municipal politics. But of a sudden the money to pay these taxes has been forthcoming, and if it did not come from the Independents, the Republican City Committee have been generally misinformed.

Since the Ohio election there has been a plenty of charges against the United States Marshals for intimidating voters. These charges lack one essential quality to entitle them to attention. They are not specific. No Ohio voter has been produced who was kept from voting by any official acting under the national government, just as no Democrat can be found who voted the Republican ticket lest he should risk a pension due to a relative. It surely is time for even partisan newspapers to recognize the fact that vague charges are too cheap to be worth printing.

The opposition cry out against the appointment of Assistant Marshals to attend the election in Indiana and other States, where the election machinery is in Democratic hands. Their complaints represent such appointments as governmental interference with popular rights. Here is the old States Rights heresy in its last shape. What the State or city governments do to regulate elections is all right and proper. Their police may be as many and as active as possi-

ble, and no harm is done. It is the representatives of the national authority that are alone offensive.

THE Republican majority shown by a compilation of the official returns of the recent town elections in Connecticut is surprisingly large. That State is safe, with reasonable effort. It has, for one thing, a splendid candidate for Governor in the person of HENRY B. HARRISON, and with men like true old President WOOLSEY and staunch Senator HAWLEY at the head of the column, the result cannot be doubted.

IT MUST be a difficult strain on Mr. RANDALL to prove that the Democratic party is not in favor of Free Trade when he is obliged to declare, as he did a night or two ago in Princeton, that he had never heard Mr. CARLISLE make a Free Trade speech. Has the ex-Speaker forgotten why it is that he does not now occupy Mr. CARLISLE's seat?

THE Democrats of Ohio have not kept contract with the liquor interest of that State. The Legislature of the State, elected by the aid of that interest, did not repeal the SCOTT law for the taxation of the liquor business. The advantages of such a law had become so evident to the taxpayers of the State that its repeal would have been a dangerous experiment. But the liquor dealers were told that they might expect a decision against the constitutionality of the law from the State Supreme Bench. Recent Democratic victories had given that party a majority of the judges on that bench. As Democrats, they naturally are opposed to laws which assert the power of the State to interfere with any man's business farther than to maintain a police system. If a doubtful point of law came up, they might be expected to incline to that interpretation which came the nearest to this view of the State's functions.

The constitutionality of a law taxing the liquor trade in Ohio is a doubtful point. The State Constitution, adopted thirty years ago, forbids the licensing of this traffic. Whether a tax on any business is not essentially a license law, or whether the mode of assessment prescribed by the SCOTT law makes an essential difference from license, is a point on which honest judges might be expected to differ. As a Democrat naturally would incline to the former view and a Republican to the latter, the decision may be said to have been pronounced by the people at the various elections in which judges were chosen. As they elected Democrats and not Republicans, they elected to set aside the SCOTT law, and this the Democratic judges have done.

The statement that this was done as the result of a bargain between the Democrats and the liquor dealers, or that it stands for a new movement in State politics, we see no reason to believe. Such a supposition involves an aspersion of the motives of the Ohio Judges, which the facts do not demand. We prefer, until we are better informed, to assume that these judges are honest men, who believe in their own interpretation of the State Constitution. We find that interpretation perfectly credible, and we have no evidence that its authors are corrupt men.

WE do not see what the Democrats have to gain by the decision. Not popularity certainly. The fact that Mr. JOHNSON, the Republican candidate for Judge, ran away ahead of his ticket on the recent election, shows that Ohio at present inclines to the Republican view of that view of the anti-license clause. This change is probably due to the experience of the advantages of the SCOTT law in diminishing drunkenness, as well as in lightening the local burdens of taxation. As the decision of the Court is retroactive, and requires the repayment of all the taxes collected under the law, it will be doubly unpopular. It will necessitate an enormously high tax-rate on the cities and boroughs outside of Cincinnati, where it has not been enforced. In fact, the Democrats will have to pay very dearly for any accession of credit with the liquor interest the decision may bring them. Unless they can unload all responsibility for it, it may cost them the power to elect their ticket in off years.

As the time approaches for the national decision, each party makes a display of confidence on the results, which contrasts greatly with their common diffidence in October. Bragging as to the figures of the November majority is pretty safe, and may help to win, the editors and politicians think. The judgment of outsiders is in favor of Mr. BLAINE's chances, and the confidence of the Republicans is so great as to be found offensive by their opponents. *The Times* of New York says that every argument against Mr. BLAINE is met by the answer that he is going to be elected, as if that were an answer to anything. This is not true. The Republican speakers and newspapers have met and traversed every argument urged against Mr. BLAINE's candidacy and his public record. We challenge any of the opposition press to instance a case in which this was the only answer vouchsafed them. *The Journal* of Boston, *The Tribune* of New York, and *The Press* of this city, have been as argumentative as could be desired. It is true that they indulge in what *The Spectator*, once called "the American habit of snippety comment." But this has not been their staple, nor have the Republican papers had any monopoly of it. The ex-Republicans continue to claim that their vote will suffice to give the Democrats New York, and probably Massachusetts and Connecticut. It is a pity that there is no means of ascertaining the exact strength of this faction. After the election we will continue to hear of their many myriads of voters, who gave Mr. CLEVELAND their support, but whose ballots were cancelled by those of recreant Democrats cast for Mr. BLAINE. It then will be the affair of the Democrats to dispose of these claims, and we predict that there will be a "happy family" for a month or more.

THE views of Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH on our Presidential election, as expressed in *The Week*, of Toronto, are narrow in scope and inaccurate as to facts on many points. On one point he is right. The cost of a Presidential election is enormous. A very small part of this cost is the amount which

goes out of the party treasury for expenses legitimate or otherwise. Much of it is in the outlay for banners, flags, torches and processions, which is borne locally. Much more is the sacrifice of time and attention and the interruption of business. If the total could be obtained, it probably would suffice to pay for four years the civil list of a very respectable monarchy. Our system of government is not a cheap one in any direction.

But there are compensations. This outlay means the awakening of a whole people to larger interests and relations than the routine of business presents. It is educational. It keeps the republic from dying, as republics have died in some cases, through the indifference of their people to the doings of their rulers. It brings home to the voters the idea of the State. It calls upon them to hear and decide between adverse theories of politics and finance.

It is true that the schooling costs more than it need. But it is probable that as fast as the politicians familiarize themselves with the effects of Civil Service Reform, they will pitch their scale of expense lower. They are only beginning to learn that the officeholders have acquired a certain exemption from their demands. When the reform takes its next great step, and permanence in tenure is achieved for them, their exemption will be complete.

But these elections come too frequently. Once in a decade is enough to send the people to this school. The President should serve ten years and be debarred from a re-election. This would make the people more careful and deliberate in their choice of a Chief Magistrate. It would be the next thing to choosing a wife.

The limited satisfaction we felt in Mr. GRESHAM's appointment to the Secretaryship of the Treasury comes to an end with the news that he has been superseded. He was but a seat-warmer after all, and Mr. HUGH McCULLOCH returns to a Secretaryship he filled once before, and not to the general satisfaction of his countrymen. Mr. McCULLOCH is the originator of nearly, if not quite all, the bad traditions of the Treasury. It was he who fathered the idea that the Secretary's chief business is to devise such evasions of the law as may suit Wall Street. He goes into office with a fixed antagonism to the greater part of the laws he is expected to enforce. He is a Free Trader set to interpret a Protective tariff; a monometalist set to enforce laws to remonetize silver; an opponent of national paper money required to carry out laws which provide that a large slice of the national debt shall be in that shape. On every point except resumption of specie payments he stands for a Wall street view of finance against that of the nation. It is pleasant to know that there are but four months that he can remain at the head of this important department of the national government.

THE address from a large body of New York clergy to their countrymen which was presented last Wednesday to Mr. BLAINE is something of a new departure in politics. But the circumstances of the campaign are

such as to justify if not to demand its adoption. The campaign, whose issues were to be moral rather than political, has taken a shape which requires the most outspoken course from the friends of public morality. The offense charged upon one candidate for the Presidency is not the worst element of moral danger in the situation. The defense put forward by more than one of the ex-Republican newspapers, and the efforts to minimize the enormity of the offense made by several eminent clergymen, are even more serious matters. Sectarian action on this, or any political matter, would be most objectionable. But this was an outpouring of feeling, irrespective of sectarian lines.

THE business of publishing confidential letters as campaign documents reached its climax in Mr. BEECHER's reading a letter from CLEVELAND to Mrs. BEECHER. That the letter was meant only for a lady's eye, and that its publication would do nothing to help Mr. CLEVELAND's candidacy, is palpable to the ordinary mind. Only a man of Mr. BEECHER's peculiar emotional temperament could have thought otherwise. At no time since the campaign began has anything occurred that has excited our sympathy for Mr. CLEVELAND, until now. This wound in the home of his friends must be most painful to him, if he has a grain of sensibility in his composition.

WE learn that Mr. E. L. Godkin, editor of the New York *Evening Post*, takes exception to several statements in our recent article, "Mr. SCHURZ Tried by His Own Rule." He denies that the *Evening Post* is "in the hands of a set of stock-jobbers, who use it to push the fortunes of the North Pacific Railroad;" that "Mr. CARL SCHURZ entered the employment of the North Pacific syndicate, which had bought the *Evening Post*, with this knowledge;" that Mr. SCHURZ made any decisions in favor of that road while Secretary of the Interior; and that "Mr. SCHURZ resigned when the *Evening Post* continued to puff the North Pacific road" after the revelations as to its debts. We made all these statements on what we presumed to be good authority. We regret if we have misrepresented our contemporary, and we add that we think Mr. GODKIN and Mr. SCHURZ are singularly neglectful of their good names in allowing charges of this kind to pass current in certain newspapers without taking more pains to call them to account.

THE arrival in this city Tuesday of Miss FISHER and Miss HOMER, of Birmingham, England, who will take charge of the Training School for Nurses which is to be established at the Almshouse, should be promptly and energetically followed up by the hearty co-operation of the Board of Guardians in the useful and much-needed work of these ladies. They will certainly find the nursing department of the Almshouse in a most deplorable state of inefficiency, and if they can reform it, as they no doubt will if they are properly assisted by the Board, there ought to be an end to the ungenerous carping which has been directed at them in

a narrow, provincial spirit because they do not happen to be Philadelphians and to the manner born.

THE prospects of harmony between England and Germany are not improved by the dispute over the succession to the Kingdom of Hanover. Until 1837 England had a hold on this corner of Germany, and used it to promote her commercial interests by setting a limit to the spread of the Zollverein. In that year the death of WILLIAM IV. brought Queen VICTORIA to the English throne, but as a woman could not succeed in Hanover, her uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, became Elector. The Hanoverian dynasty is thus a cadet branch of the English royal family. It is true that Queen VICTORIA's relations with the COBURG family, to which her husband belonged, have been more intimate than with that of her royal uncle. The reason is not far to seek. The Duke of Cumberland would have been King of England if the Princess VICTORIA had not been in the way, as the heiress of his elder brother, the Duke of Kent. He was believed to have entered into a conspiracy to have the Princess set aside. He used his position as the head of the Orangemen to spread reports that she and her mother were secret Catholics. In such case she could not have succeeded to the crown, which the Act of Settlement of 1701 entails on the Protestant heirs of the Electress SOPHIA, of Hanover, who was a grand-daughter of JAMES I. The conspiracy was exploded by Mr. JOSEPH HUME in Parliament, and the Orange order was then declared illegal.

As a consequence the Court relations between England and Hanover, after 1837, were "somewhat strained," as the diplomats say. But time effaces many bitter memories, and "blood is thicker than water." The new generation on both sides must incline to forget family friends, and the royal princes in England will not relish the attempt of BISMARCK to exclude the Duke of Cumberland from the throne left vacant by his father's death.

THE death of A. M. SULLIVAN deprives Ireland of one of its most accomplished and upright leaders. He was a man of lofty character, a most devout Catholic, and an ardent patriot. But he also possessed a rare independence of judgment and action which is not common among the Irish leaders. He acted in all situations on his own convictions of right and propriety, and often placed himself in antagonism to the Nationalist party on secondary questions. But such was the popular respect for his purity of motive, that he was tolerated in his dissent from Mr. PARNELL, where a smaller man would have been denounced. As a historian he is entitled to rank beside Sir CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY and Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, having, like them, won even indifferent readers to the story of Irish wrongs by the literary felicity of his narrative.

If Ireland had been an independent country Mr. SULLIVAN might have made a name among the statesmen or the diplomats of Europe. It is sufficient con-

demation of English rule in Ireland that it leaves no career open to even such a man as A. M. SULLIVAN but that of an agitator.

THE struggle between the Tories and Liberals in Great Britain is as bitter as our Presidential campaign, without our excuse. There is no election impending, for Mr. GLADSTONE declares he will not dissolve Parliament on account of the action of the Lords on the Franchise bill. Yet British statesmen libel each other on the platform, and British mobs now riot as freely as in the most excited election known to us.

THE thoughtlessness with which a great deal of newspaper paragraphing is done is illustrated in the wide currency which has been given during the past two or three weeks to a statement that Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE has 311 grandchildren. Allowing that he has had ten children, this would still involve the statement that each of them had thirty-one children apiece. Now the real fact is that Sir MOSES is and always has been childless.

THE CAUSES OF DEPRESSION. III.

Agriculture is the fundamental industry. However impossible it is for it to prosper in the absence of others, it is still more impossible for them to flourish without it. The demand for the services of the manufacturer and the trader must depend on the farmer's getting a crop and his getting a market for it. If he misses either the trade in dry goods and in hardware will have to confine itself within the limits fixed by bare necessity or nearly these.

In reviewing the cause of the simpler phenomenon called "stagnation of trade," we must not ignore the situation of the American farmer. In one sense of the word, he has been enjoying great prosperity. He has had good seasons and abundant harvests for many years past. Such disaster and failure as have attended agriculture have been local and exceptional. It is not until we come to regard the access he has to a market that we find him nearly as much embarrassed as though his crops had failed. The Malthusians talk of population steadily gaining on the increase of food for use. The experience of the last twenty years has shown that the increase of food may be too great for the growth of population.

The American farmer has made the same mistake as the American manufacturer. He has not varied his product enough to meet the natural demand. He has overdone things in growing wheat and corn, just as the manufacturer has overdone things in producing cottons and woollens of the coarser grades. Both need to scan the lists of our imports to see at what point an exchange from grain to some other product will be remunerative.

Take, for instance, the article of sugar. Nature, like a generous mother, assumes that her children have "a sweet tooth." She diffuses this element through nearly every article used as food by men, and a great many which are not. But the business of extracting pure sugar from these deposits was begun very recently. No Greek philosopher, no Roman warrior, no mediæval

knight ever saw sugar. Honey was the nearest approach to it, until the spread of commerce brought Europe into contact with the regions of the sugar cane. Not until our own century was the problem of extracting it from the beet solved, and a second source added to the first. The Protection accorded to this industry by the first NAPOLEON and other European sovereigns was a matter of great amusement to the English. They felt sure that the sugar cane would hold its own against this less saccharine competitor. But England herself has ceased to use cane sugar, to the sorrow of her West Indian colonists, and even America has begun to import beet sugar from France, Germany and Austria.

And yet we have a better source for a supply of sugar than the beet, and one which can be grown all over the country, as the sugar cane can not. The sorghum cane, imported more than thirty years ago from China, has never had a fair chance with us. It has been grown in little patches for family use in syrup, as Pennsylvanians used to grow cotton in colonial times. It never has been treated seriously as the possible basis of a great industry. We go on importing vast quantities of sugar and paying a heavy duty for the benefit of the little patch on which the sugarcane may be grown. That duty must be abolished, and if not by repeal, then by such a development of our sugar production on such a scale as will make importations impossible. Here is an opening into which our Western farmer must press. The Hindoo ryot is taking from him his European market for breadstuffs. But no one could take from him the American market for sorghum sugar.

Again, we are importing large quantities of rice from abroad. At one time before the war we produced more rice than we consumed. But this industry suffered more from the war than any other. Not only were the sluices, etc., of the rice swamps allowed to fall into decay, but the emancipated slave declined to resume an industry at once unwholesome and disagreeable. As a consequence our protective duty on rice has not brought our production up to the old level, and it seems improbable that it ever will, so long as we depend on swamp rice. But swamp rice is an exotic in America. It came here from Madagascar in colonial times. It has kept attention from a native American variety of the same grain, which grows as far north as Minnesota, and which, under proper cultivation, might take its place. Even before the Europeans discovered this continent, this upland rice was used as food by many tribes of our American Indians. Is it not worth while to give this native American a chance?

Our list of imports contains many articles which might just as well be grown at home. Ginger, for instance, is regarded generally as a tropical plant, like the spices of Java and Ceylon. And yet an experiment made by the present writer shows that it will grow in the open air in this latitude, even without any special advantages as regards exposure to the sun. A Japanese friend says that it is raised in his coun-

try in latitudes more northern than ours. Every article on our list of imports should be scanned for the purpose of discovering its adaptability to America. The result would be a great change in our relations to foreign producers and a larger independence of the foreign consumer of farm products.

The Protectionist ideal is industrial independence up to the limits fixed by our climate and the resources of our country. These limits have not been ascertained.

MR. BLAINE AS A BUSINESS MAN.

Our superfine contemporary, *The Nation*, represents the business men of America as fearing the election of Mr. BLAINE because he himself is a business man. It says it is the first time that a man has been put forward for the Presidency who has given his whole life to money-making, and it thinks that this fact should weigh heavily with the very class who do the same with their lives.

It is not true that Mr. BLAINE's life has been given wholly to money-making. A very large part of it has been devoted to the service of his country. The salary received for those services was so inadequate to Mr. BLAINE's abilities as to make his career in Congress one of self-denial in a monetary sense. And so far from seeking to have that salary increased, he effected by his personal influence an amendment to the Back Pay bill which deprived him of \$4000. We wonder if our contemporaries of the ex-Republican persuasion have mentioned that fact since this campaign began?

That Mr. BLAINE has used the leisure which public life allowed him to make money is true. It is equally true of Mr. EDMUNDS, whom *The Nation* wished to have nominated when Mr. BLAINE was. They both have sought it in the same way, viz.: by investments in western railroads. But we never heard it charged to Mr. BLAINE that he allowed outside affairs to interfere with his attention to his public duties. This is charged against Mr. EDMUNDS by our contemporary, *The Current*, of Chicago. It says that he attends to more law business in Washington than is consistent with the proper discharge of his duties as Senator. We do not know whether this is true or not. We refer to it to show that a love for money-making is not a bar to *The Nation's* support of a candidate, provided he be a lawyer.

It is true that Mr. BLAINE is a business man, and not a lawyer or a soldier, as every other President has been. He follows the mode of life adopted by perhaps a majority of his countrymen, and not that of our two privileged classes. Do the ex-Republicans expect that this will stand in the way of his election? It is a point to which they at least have no right to object. They have been constant in their demand that the public business shall be conducted on business principles. They have declared that to be their ideal of civil service reform. Yet the minute the people begin to call to the control of affairs a man of business, they demand a lawyer, and insult millions of their countrymen by declaring that a business man is less to be trusted.

We object to this loose talk as extremely mischievous. It declares that there is no ideal of ethical duty open to the business man. It says he must be a mere money maker, and nothing more. That is not the teaching the country needs. It needs to be told that the business community can have as high an ideal of duty as any of the "liberal" professions. It can serve the country by doing faithfully the work of its special sphere as truly as can the soldier, or the lawyer, or the clergyman. It can make business a liberal profession by adopting the test of success which makes any profession liberal, that is, it can regard the *uses* of its work as of more immediate importance than the *gains*. Yet even such sneers as this may be useful as suggesting to our business men the question: "Why does even an empty and shallow critic put the soldier's or the lawyer's work above mine?"

CONGRESSMEN IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The gains of Congressmen in Ohio gave birth to the Republican hope that the present large majority against them in the House of Representatives might be reversed in the next Congress. So far, the outlook in other States, especially Indiana and Illinois, is very encouraging, and it may be now confidently expected that if the Democratic preponderance is not wholly wiped out, it will be much reduced.

In Pennsylvania there is not so much room for Republican gains as there is in Indiana. The canvass of 1882, though so disastrous as to State results generally, and as bad in Pennsylvania as elsewhere, did not here cause any notable loss of Republican Congressmen. The fidelity to the party of those Republicans who cast their ballots for Mr. STEWART for Governor, was marked by the steadfastness with which they adhered to the regular Congressional candidates, and it resulted that even in the close districts little or nothing was sacrificed by the divisions on the State ticket.

The Congressman-at-Large, it may be set down as a certainty, will be elected by the Republicans, and this will be a gain of one, the present incumbent, Hon. M. F. ELLIOTT, being a Democrat. In the list of the districts the first one which the Republicans will probably gain is the Luzerne-Lackawanna district, now represented by D. W. CONOLLY, Democrat. In this Mr. SCRANTON, Republican, has at least an even chance of election, and possibly something more. In the Fifteenth district (Bradford, Wayne, etc.,) Mr. BUNNELL, Republican, will replace Mr. POST, Democrat, who was only elected in 1882 because two Republican candidates were in the field. In the Twentieth district (Centre, Clearfield, etc.,) Governor CURTIN may be replaced by a Republican, Mr. PATTON, but the situation is so uncertain and the district has so large a Democratic majority, naturally, that the likelihood of making a gain there need hardly be canvassed. In the Twenty-second district (Pittsburg) General NEGLEY's election over Mr. HOPKINS (Democrat) is expected, and this will be a gain; but the fight is a close one, and the result must be regarded as in doubt. In the Twenty-fifth district (Indiana, Clarion,

etc.) the present member, Mr. PATTON, was elected by a combination of Democrats and Greenbackers, and it may be that the fusion, which is maintained this year, will now be beaten, in which case there would be another gain.

The sure Republican gains, therefore, are two: At Large and the Fifteenth district. The probable gains are the Luzerne district and the Pittsburg. There is some chance in Governor CURTIN'S district, and a rather better one in the Indiana district.

On the other hand, the Democrats have a chance of gaining in the Eighteenth district (Franklin, Huntingdon, etc.), where there is a disturbing quarrel over a Senatorship, and they are pushing hard in the Erie district, with Mr. W. L. SCOTT against Captain MACKAY. In the Montgomery-Bucks district they may keep down the Republican majority but can hardly beat Dr. EVANS.

The total showing is, therefore, that the Democrats are in more or less danger of losing six districts, while the Republicans run some risk of losing two. A fair averaging of this, and a reasonable judgment as to the several districts, produces the conclusion that the Republican gain will probably be four districts, and that the Democratic gain may be one, leaving a net Republican gain of three. The present delegation stands 16 Republicans to 12 Democrats; a new one, such as we have indicated, will be 19 to 9. The Democratic districts would then be one in Philadelphia (RANDALL'S), the Berks, the Northampton, the Monroe and Carbon, the York and Cumberland, the Clearfield and Centre, the Westmoreland and Fayette, either the Luzerne or Pittsburg district, and perhaps the Franklin or the Erie district. Yet it may be possible for the Republicans to hold all their own and to gain the whole six Democratic districts that are debatable. That would make the delegation stand 22 Republicans to 6 Democrats.

WANTED: AN ART CLUB.

I don't know of anything which the art interests of Philadelphia seem to need so much. Of professional or semi-professional associations and societies there are several already, it is true, but what is needed is, I am sure, an association of the friends of art to come together as friends with the artists, if not exactly of them.

I have had occasion recently to reply through the columns of THE AMERICAN to inquiries from a neighboring city concerning the proper way to organize an Art Club, and to point out what ought to be kept most prominently in view in its organization and management. I took occasion at the time to urge the importance of such movements in promoting the interests of art in any community, which importance seems to me so great that there seems to be little hope of the development of anything like sound culture outside a few great cities, except through the instrumentality of such organizations.

With the exception, perhaps, of the educational part of it, the work of such a club is needed quite as much in Philadelphia itself as it is in the smaller towns.

No place exists in which the artist can meet (on the terms which only a pleasant club-room provides) his friends and patrons, especially the very large class of those who ought to be his patrons and are not, but who might become so through the genial instru-

mentality whose desirableness it is my business just at present to urge.

No place exists in which the younger members of the profession can meet those of more experience and have access to the current art literature of the day, familiarity with which is almost as essential to the artist as that of his own craft is to the literary worker, and the cases are exceptional in the extreme where anything like success is possible to either, without the stimulus and assistance which is thus obtained.

Gilbert Stuart was accustomed to say that all that ever enabled him to accomplish the vast amount of work, which during the busiest part of his life, he was accustomed to perform, was his French cook, who made it possible for him to surround himself after his day's work was done with the best society—at least to him—which London afforded.

A pleasant club is the poor painter's French cook. It would be hard to estimate the extent of the service which it might be able to render him.

Such a club might or might not hold formal exhibitions once or twice a year. Clubs with a similar purpose in other cities, the Boston Art Club for instance, an example by the way, of eminent success in constructing such an organization, holds two or three every year. Such exhibitions might perhaps be dispensed with here, where the Academy and the Society of Artists are so active in this respect, and there are plenty of ways in which the club could advance the interests of art without them. In the first place it should extend favors enough to the profession, favors which should be honors as well, to give prominence to the purpose which furnished a reason for its existence and to vindicate its claim to the name by which it was known.

These might consist in part of such recognition as a clause in the constitution, securing to the profession a certain representation on all important committees and the acceptance of pictures or other art work in lieu of money for a portion, at least, of the dues.

Then its receptions and meetings should always be informal exhibitions at which professional members might display anything they wished, and its rooms should be at the service, on occasions of smaller and more exclusive societies, of which there are several here, and to which the establishment of a club of this character would be a boon. Its reading-room should have, of course, everything available relating to art, and it would be a pity if lectures and other entertainments more or less literary, but always artistic in character, could not be provided with something like the regularity which marks their absence in other quarters, towards which the eyes of those most interested are accustomed to turn whenever the need of such intellectual entertainment, grievous enough in Philadelphia to-day, is mentioned or discussed.

Such a club should not be professional in any sense. Artists should be as eligible as other people to its offices, but no more so, except for the representation on certain committees already alluded to.

It should be a club not of artists but of lovers of art; regarded simply as a club it ought to be more enjoyable than any club could possibly be that was organized without some such central purpose, which purpose ought to be sufficient to give it intellectual character and to keep it intellectually alert. I noticed a paragraph in the art notes of a recent issue of THE AMERICAN, in relation to some prizes and purchases of pictures at the coming exhibitions, for which the Boston Art Club proposes to appropriate \$2000. This indicates another way in which the object for which such clubs are established may be promoted, and the spirit in which their offices should be administered.

Not only the weaker societies, for whom at present existence means something of a struggle, but the Academy itself would be helped and not hindered by the energy which such a club would represent. It would be a rallying point for all sorts of good purposes and would give the start to all sorts of good movements. That art languishes amongst us for the want of proper recognition and support, no one will deny. If such support cannot be given in the manner which is here suggested, it is hard to see where it is to come from or through what instrumentality it is to be applied.

L. W. M.

A PLEA FOR LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

It may be asserted without fear of contradiction from any one who has given thought to the subject, that landscape-gardening is an art little studied in the United States. Horticulture receives considerable attention in every centre of wealth and refinement, and arboriculture is occupying a higher place with each succeeding decade. But floriculture is not landscape-gardening any more than flower-painting is landscape-painting, and arboriculture is to landscape-gardening only what the use of pigments is to the artist. It is quite possible to possess a garden glowing with all the hues of the rainbow, rich in the finest examples of the most lovely flowers or herbs and shrubs, and dotted with clumps of ornamental trees of every description, yet to miss the charm of landscape-gardening. Though all the parts may be beautiful, the whole may be incongruous. There may be a close line of trees, cutting off the view exactly where a vista is needed; there may be a clear, uninterrupted space where clumps of trees or single trees would add greatly to the charm; there may be lovely bits of rock and river lost to sight through some obstacle that could be readily removed; there may be close masses of sombre-foliated trees where light is required; and there may be a total want of shadow where it is most needed.

"Nor are the necessities of landscape-gardening limited to the vegetable adornments of the grounds that have been improved. Every piece of ground has features of its own, and the skill of the landscape gardener is shown quite as much in availing himself of the lay of the ground, its elevations, depressions, rocky or springy places, etc., as in the arrangement or manipulation of the trees, shrubs and flowers. A springy bit of meadow can frequently be made into a lake; a bubbling spring affords an opportunity for a picturesque grotto; a hill gives a chance for winding walks to the kiosk-crowned summit; an old quarry is a paradise for rock plants and ferns, while a slope can be made to afford a distant view from the house.

Architecture itself should, in the country, be subservient to the landscape-gardener. Whether the grounds laid out are those of a public park or of a private mansion, the buildings form important features in the scenery. In the latter case, the house is the keynote of the whole harmony, for it is for the sake of it that all things else are done. When the house has to be built, and pleasure grounds must be made from a blank area of field, the entire scheme of house and scenic gardening can be worked up together in complete unison; but when the house already exists, all improvements in the grounds must be made with reference to it. When, on the other hand, the site, either from its nature or from improvements of long standing, has distinctive features of its own, and a new house is needed, the structure should conform as far as possible to the existing beauties of the place.

Were landscape-gardening studied by

the architects of the present day, it would be impossible for them to inflict upon the suburbs of a city the hideously-colored and grimly fantastic abortions which can now be seen around the once staid Philadelphia or the once classic Boston.

Our own Fairmount, lovely as are its hills and vales, its woods and glades, is full of records of man's disposition to do that which he ought not to have done, and to leave undone that which he ought to have done. The buildings erected during the Centennial year are failures as objects in the scenery quite as much as in their construction. Memorial Hall needs, to carry out its style, to give it height, and to link it with the broad level area around it, a spacious elevated terrace with steps, statuary, fountains and fountains. Horticultural Hall is as unlike what a great conservatory should be as a ten-cent chromo is unlike a Turner. The broad area just mentioned, destined to contain a promenade drive for the wealthy—a Philadelphia Rotten Row—is the proper place for an Italian garden. But the improvements which most need to be made in the diversified and extensive area of Fairmount Park are of a comparatively inexpensive nature. Buildings are not needed, nor any of those ornaments which have their place around buildings. Neither are more drives required. What is necessary is simply to render the natural beauties of the Park accessible to the lovers of nature. Well-cared-for footpaths, winding along the dells and ascending to spots where extensive views can be obtained; a little judicious clearing away of fallen and dead trees; the opening out of glimpses of vistas that are now unseen, and here and there a little planting are all that our Park requires. Beyond Belmont, in the West Park, lies a large area of wood and glade and swelling downs that is almost an unknown land; and all along the romantic valley of the Wissahickon and in the corners of its side streams lie spots the picturesque beauty of which would, were they in England, render them celebrated, and cause them to be visited by thousands.

Few of the thousands who drive along the Wissahickon know anything of the picturesque beauties of the long and winding reach of deep water called the Hermit's Pool; of the Devil's Pool, with its fantastic rocks, or of the bold crags that jut out over the stream a short distance above Rittenhousen street. Throughout by far the greater part of the public property upon the Wissahickon there is no path except the drive, which existed as a public road long before the Wissahickon Valley was purchased by the city. This drive is carried along the less precipitous side of the river, and access to the romantic spots upon the opposite side, or to the grand views along the course of the stream itself, is denied to all except those who are not only ready to climb, but prepared to make their way over rocks, roots and fallen trees, and to fight with briars and undergrowth. Those who are familiar with the lanes leading down from Germantown and Chestnut Hill, and with the rude by-paths made by boys, can enjoy the Wissahickon, but to others it is sealed, and it may be truly said that Philadelphians generally know as little of it as though it were beyond the Delaware Water Gap. A well-made footpath, leading along the entire length of the city's part of the valley, with branches to spots from which extensive views are obtainable over the valley generally or along the course of the creek itself, and provided at the most interesting spots with rustic seats, is all that is needed to open out the Wissahickon to the inspection of pedestrians.

It is almost superfluous to say that all such work as is here advocated must be carefully done. The hand that traces the course of

the footpath, the eye that determines where openings shall be cut in the woods, must be the hand and eye of a trained artist.

Some attention is now given to forestry even in this country, which, in care of trees, lags behind all others, great though is the importance of its lumber industries. A glance at the neglected woods of the Wissahickon shows that forestry has not extended to them. Fallen branches and rotting trunks abound, dead trees stand in all their bareness till they fall through decay, and crooked and deformed specimens of vegetation crowd upon and injure their fairer rivals.

W. N. LOCKINGTON.

REVIEWS.

THE REALITY OF FAITH. By Newman Smyth. Pp. XIII. and 315. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

SOME HERETICS OF YESTERDAY. By S. E. Herriek, D. D. Pp. VII. and 320. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"The whirligig of time brings round its revenges." Heresy has become popular, and is rewarded, not by rack and stake, but with popular esteem, good place and the good things of this world. Our age has come to have more sympathy with the critical than with the constructive minds, being itself critical in its drift of thought. It puts Hallard, Arnold, of Brescia, Wycliffe and that class of men above the Augustines, the Aquinases, the Calvins, whose work lay in another direction. It construes Luther wrongly in its admiration of him, exalting the small critical above the large constructive element in his career. We shall venture to agree with Auguste Comte in counting this a mistake. It is not the restraining and moderating force of criticism, but the initiative force of construction that the world needs.

Dr. Newman Smyth, however, is a heretic in only a very modified sense. The new departure in theology, of which he is the foremost representative, is not like that which rent the old Puritan churches of New England at the beginning of this century. In one respect it represents a still wider departure. In the controversy represented by the names of Dr. Ware and Moses Stuart, there was a common assumption as to the philosophical starting point. Both Orthodox and Unitarian, with the exception of a few like Dr. Channing on one side and Dr. James Marsh on the other, started from the conclusions of the Lockian philosophy. The shallow and essentially unreligious character of that philosophy was but beginning to be seen. The rise of the intuitional philosophy to supersede it had begun in the teaching of Coleridge. To-day Locke still holds a strong place in both camps. But the new school of Andover theology goes behind the assumptions taken from him by both parties. It dissents in one sense more profoundly than did the old Unitarians, but less negatively. Just by virtue of starting from a new and less mechanical philosophy, it is able to satisfy its critical instinct with much fewer denials. It holds fast to all the teachings of the creed formulated by the primitive church, while putting a new aspect upon the teachings of American Christianity. It professes to be actuated by "the humble yet fearless desire to discover and acknowledge the real and vital in every form of belief, and in the historic creeds," but also by "the desire to escape from the artificial, the mechanical and the formal, and to find the natural, the living and the real in Christian faith and practice;" and "to study theology afresh in the first facts and actual processes of revelation and life, and in the real spirit of Christianity." It bases its hope that there will be no second schism in New England, on the belief that a "better spirit is pervading and moving the whole religious community."

This volume of sermons is selected from those Dr. Smyth delivered in his new church at Hartford during the last two years. They are brief, averaging but sixteen printed pages, and cannot have taken half an hour each in delivery. But each is weighty with thought, and eloquent. They suggest a comparison with Mr. Phillips Brooks' sermons more than those of any other American preacher. There is the same freedom from pulpit technicalities, the same surprise in the novelty of the turn of thought, the same devout earnestness, which never sinks to commonplace and never rises to the highest eloquence. And in both we seem to hear echoes of the same master from whom Dr. Smyth takes the motto on his title page. But Dr. Smyth is more of a theologian, while Mr. Brooks is more of a literary artist.

Dr. Herriek's book is made up of a series of Sunday evening lectures, delivered to the Mount Vernon Church, of Boston, where Lyman Beecher spent his best years. They make no pretension to original research, but represent an effort to utilize the interest in the history of the Reformation, which grew out of the Luther celebration. The title is not happily chosen, except as it is likely to attract attention to the book. Not all of Dr. Herriek's heroes were "heretics," except in a very loose sense of that word. Tauler, Savonarola, William Brewster and John Wesley were not heretics, but innovators merely. In doctrine they were entirely orthodox and traditional. And Calvin and Melancthon had very little of the heretical temperament. Calvin advised and Melancthon applauded the burning of Servetus.

The lectures themselves are creditable, but not remarkable specimens of popularization of history. We think they miss at times the true grasp of the subject. Melancthon, for instance, is elevated to an equality, if not a superiority, to Luther, to which he has no claim, and Luther's generous words are employed to his own disparagement. This of itself implies that Dr. Herriek has not seized upon the central point of the history of the Reformation, nor discerned that quality in which Luther far transcends his friend. It is simply absurd to say that "Melancthon had at once a more penetrant and a more comprehensive vision." He was a scholastic of fine but narrow talent, whose name would have stood no higher than that of a dozen others of his time, if he had not had the good fortune to become Luther's moon, and thus shine by a paler, reflected light.

DR. SEVIER. By George W. Cable. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

A new book by Mr. Cable is a literary event, and one of which the freshness is not destroyed by serial publication. "Dr. Sevier" is, in a sense, a masterpiece, but it is so through neglect of, or opposition to, the methods by which Mr. Cable has heretofore produced his finest effects. To get to the meat of the matter, Mr. Cable, in "The Grandissimes" and all his shorter stories, is a romancist; here he is a realist of the most minute—even needlessly minute—kind. It seems a hard saying, but we fear New England is spoiling him. The style is his own here as ever, yet he does not seem quite the original self that he did in former works. He has "studied," alas! it is too evident. We are second to none in admiration of Mr. Howells and his school, but we wished to see our Southern genius kept quite distinct—as good a thing, but of an absolutely different kind. In point of fact, either Mr. Cable has made the Howells manner his model in "Dr. Sevier," or the book shows a falling off in inventive power of the better sort. Incident there is in plenty in "Dr. Sevier," but it is grossly practical incident; we miss the poetical elevation of "Old Creole Days" and the "Grandissimes." As

"interesting" as the other books, more interesting as a narrative from the surface, it may be, but we believe that, for the reasons indicated, it will eventually rank below those books. For our own part, we rate "Posson Jone" and "Jean-ah-Poquelin"—trifles as they may seem to the author now—above all the wit and literary finish of "Dr. Sevier."

The story of the book may be true, and so far reasonable—we make no point of that—but in its almost unrelieved pain it is disagreeably true, if true at all. Why should novelists further depress a world already staggering under a burden greater than it can bear, or than it should be called upon to bear? We sometimes feel as though there should be a law against the writing of sad novels. The function of authorship of this kind is double; it is to give pictures of life, but it is also to help the living. No matter how sad life may appear to Mr. Cable, we do not think he has the moral right to deepen the gloom through the witchery of a power extended over a circle whose extent and influence is fairly immeasurable. Rightly considered, in doing this he does the world a wrong.

"Dr. Sevier" is depressing from first to last. It has no plot, and it is solely concerned with telling the pitiful story of two earnest young souls—a husband and wife—who, by no amount or exercise of virtue, of labor and self-denial, can get as much as standing place in this prosperous land, or not until the unequal struggle has resulted in a success as hard as defeat. Life is hard, but if this idea of Mr. Cable's should be true, it would be more than hard—it would be impossible. The story of *Richling* and his wife may be fact, but it seems incredible; no ingenuity of the novelist can make it real; it is a nightmare of pain, desperation and unrest.

"Dr. Sevier" is, in our judgment, a comparative failure, yet it has some marked features of excellence. The sketches of scenery, street life and manners in New Orleans are wonderfully vivid. The time is the five years or so "befoh de wah" and the period of the great struggle, and the feeling of that epoch is most deftly indicated. The book is no wise political, yet we are made to breathe once more the stirring air of those times. Nor, sad as the general impression the book leaves is, can the author entirely forego excursions here and there of that humor which so instantly enchained the attention of the world. *Narcisse Savillot*, clerk to *Dr. Sevier*, is one of the most successful of the writer's portraits, a Creole sketch equal to the full of "Honore Grandissime" and "Aurore Nancanou," than which we can give it no greater praise. *Narcisse* shows broad comedy, curiously united with grace, and the conceit, the airy inconsequence and the never-flagging brightness of this conception make it an endless delight. But we fear Mr. Cable's love of dialect is forcing him to unpleasant extremes. There are Irish, German and Italian people in this book, who talk varieties of brogue, of which, it can be only said, we of the North know nothing from experience. We might allow this discrepancy to shake our faith in the Creole dialect in Mr. Cable's books; but that, we think, can never be disturbed. *Narcisse* even strengthens, a charm which it might have been thought could be made no stronger.

G. W. A.

TALES OF THREE CITIES. By Henry James, Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

To say of the three stories collected under this title that they are as thoroughly characteristic of their author as any of his earlier

and more extensive works, will be in the opinion of many, all the criticism that is necessary in the case. The opinions of the reading world are pretty well made up upon the subject of Mr. James' writings. With those who like them, devotion to the finesse, the acuteness, the dispassionate clarity with which he develops his creations, is almost exalted to a cult; with the opposing faction, not all the dainty perfection of his style can recommend his works nor atone for what is considered their incurable coldness, lack of sympathy and too careful condescension.

The three stories composing this volume are "The Impressions of a Cousin," "Lady Barberina," and "A New England Winter," the three cities of which the tales are told are London, New York, and Boston, the most unpleasant aspects of each being thrown into relief by the presence of a superior cosmopolitan critic among the characters of the story. The accomplished cousin of the first story, her artistic perceptions cultured by a long residence in Rome, finds her native city of New York "a hideous vista of narrow impersonal houses, with the dry, hard tone of their brownstone, a surface as uninteresting at that of sandpaper, their steep, stiff stoops, their lumpy balustrades, porticos, and cornices, turned out by the hundred and adorned with heavy excrecences—such an eruption of ornament, and such a poverty of effect!" and sees in the people whom she meets there a similar efflorescence of pretentious poverty of spirit.

The architecture of Boston is looked upon rather more favorably by the artistic *Floromond* of "A New England Winter," and there is more jocose railery than open scoffing in the author's treatment of the aspects of that city. He is especially strong upon the theme of the "humorous superlatives" and "pictorial circumlocutions" peculiar to Bostonian speech; "a social dialect which, to be heard to perfection, should be heard on the lips of a native." As an example of this peculiar patois, we are told that a lady would be likely to express her wish for a cup of tea by saying "she should like a pint or two of that Chinese fluid." Beacon street and its inhabitants are, in fact, treated with much good humored toleration; it is only in the description of Washington street, its shops and its feminine shoppers that Mr. James' sarcasm deepens to invective.

The scene of "Lady Barberina" is chiefly in London, where life is shown in a richer and less "crass" aspect than the American cities already indicated. *Lady Barb* herself is recognized as the consummate flower of the high-bred serenity befitting the English aristocracy. As "a beautiful type," she is coveted by an immensely rich New Yorker, who woos and finally wins her (by virtue of magnificent "settlements") and carries her off to his home in New York, but is disappointed to find that she can no more coalesce with the "best society" of his native city than oil with water. Serene, passionless, but immeasurably bored, she looks out on Twelfth avenue from her drawing-room windows with a goddess-like sense of superiority, decides that "this is what she married for," and with calm obstinacy ordains and carries out her return to her own congenial clime. If London itself is allowed the advantage in Mr. James' scale of comparisons, the London-bred article of woman appears at least rather more hateful than those of home manufacture.

It may be that this fastidious author's conclusions are to be no more implicitly adopted in the one case than in the other. There is one great drawback in a judicial attitude such as his; everything is considered as if from above, not with the eye to eye comprehension of sympathy. The world is viewed as *Lady Barb* looked down on Fifth avenue from her lace-curtained windows, seeing

everything foreshortened and disproportioned. It is only one who stands in the street among the jostling crowd that can see it fairly.

M. C. P.

MARYLAND. The History of a Palatinate. By William Hand Browne. Pp. 292. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1884.

Mr. Browne's narrative of Maryland's history begins with the landing of the first settlers, at St. Mary's, in 1634, and closes with the establishment of the State Government, in March, 1777. He thinks this the most interesting, and, indeed, the only individualized portion of the career of the Commonwealth: To proceed further would first be to take up the narrative of her past in the Revolutionary struggle, and then to detach from the general history of the country the particular portion which belongs to the one State. He has gone for his authority chiefly to the now accessible archives of Maryland, which are on most points full and on some abundant, and he has produced, therefore, what is substantially a new and original work. It has very decided merit for this reason, and, in most respects, it takes its place entirely, we think, in the excellent series to which it is assigned.

Mr. Browne, however, seems to think it worth his while to be a thorough-going partisan of the Lords Baltimore upon the question of the boundary, and he scarcely mentions William Penn without some offensive term of a phrase. When Penn, having received his charter, wrote to certain settlers at the head of Chesapeake Bay—to which limit he presumed his boundaries extended—he concluded, Mr. Browne says, "with a characteristic twang." When he obtained from the Duke of York the grant of what is now Delaware, Mr. Browne says he "knew perfectly well" that "not a rood" of the land "belonged to the Duke to convey, or was ever in his patents." Then, when Penn, in his interview with Baltimore, in 1682, proposed a compromise, Mr. Browne intimates his dishonesty of motive and his general readiness to steal other people's lands. The division of the Peninsula, under the order of the Privy Council, in 1685, was an "extravagant iniquity," and Lord Hardwicke's ruling, in 1760, sustaining the amicable agreement made between the Penns and Lord Charles Baltimore, in 1732, strikes this Maryland historian as nothing but a piece of judicial favoritism, taking no account of justice "wherever the Penns were concerned." Altogether, there is rather too much of this in the book for dignity, to say nothing of truth, and as the question of the Maryland and Pennsylvania boundary has been abundantly considered heretofore, and the claims of the Penns maintained before all sorts of tribunals, Mr. Browne's efforts seem like a little growl from a small litigant who has lost his case, but hates to accept the verdict.

The usual excellent rule with these and other volumes of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. is observed, and a good index is given, though it does not seem to be quite complete. We have looked, for instance, for the reference to Lord Hardwicke's decision, but it is not indexed. Nor is the name of George Talbot in the index, though his doings are described on a great part of four pages. These deficiencies, however, may be the only ones; we have not taken time to examine carefully.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIALISM. By John Rae. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Readers of the English *Contemporary Review* undoubtedly remember articles in which Mr. Rae has described with vivid, though rather bungling, stylus some of the past and more recent phases of socialism. In this volume he brings together in a more connected form his studies and reflections on

EXTRA FINE DIAMONDS AND
DIAMOND JEWELRY.
BAILEY, BANKS & BIDDLE.

socialism as illustrated by Lasalle, Marx, the Socialists of the Chain, the Christian Socialists, Russian Nihilism, and Henry George. Though the last, strictly speaking, is not a socialist, the tendencies of his doctrines are largely in that direction. The majority of Americans are somewhat wearied with the continuous presentation of the wage-earners' claims, and the so-called practical man views with unfeigned disgust any title into which the word socialism has crept. On taking up a work of this kind he is inclined to ask: "What next? and what does this one propose to do about it?" Mr. Rae is not pessimistic, nor does he look with despondency at the economic position of labor. Substantially in harmony with the English school of political economists, he nevertheless sees ways in which the laborer may be advantageously assisted. By one means or another he must participate in industrial capital. More definitely, the author believes in a wide extension of trades unions and working class insurance, and favors the practice of private firms reserving a certain amount of their capital to constitute a kind of stock for their workmen to invest their savings in. By this means will lower class be linked to higher. Mr. Rae here indicates the procedure which should be repeatedly emphasized. Societies on particular social planes cannot work out their own salvation. The help must come from above. Mr. Rae, as all Englishmen who tackle the social industrial problems of England, insists upon a reform in the land laws, that land may be more easily obtained by the individual.

American socialism is dismissed with a few words, and characterized as German and confined to the immigrants from that country. English socialism is likewise briefly disposed of; and the author lays himself open to criticism in this hasty and incomplete consideration of the socialistic phenomena of the English speaking countries. The above comments give no hint of the interesting historical sketches which are given, and which form the most complete presentation in one volume in the English language of the subject treated.

D. R. D.

PROPERTY AND PROGRESS; OR, A BRIEF INQUIRY INTO CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL AGITATION IN ENGLAND. By W. H. Mallock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This book is made up of three articles published in the *Quarterly Review*, in refutation of the arguments, first, of Mr. Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," and of Mr. H. M. Hyndman, a Socialistic agitator of England. The first chapter is devoted to Mr. George's book entirely; in the other two chapters Mr. Mallock has put Mr. George and Mr. Hyndman on the same plane, apparently with the idea that it will save time and trouble to refute both at once. As the fundamental principle of the latter is that "all wealth is due to labor," excluding capital as an agent in the production of wealth, and as his other premises are of a piece with this, it is not surprising that Mr. Mallock should succeed in "refuting" him. His success with Mr. George, however, is less conspicuous. His arguments against Mr. George's theories of wages and population, and presumably in support of those time-worn antiques of English political economy, The "Wages Fund" and Malthus' theory of population, will hardly be thought by most readers to justify the amusing airs of contemptuous triumph which he assumes. Whatever may be thought of Mr. George's theories regarding the ownership of land, he undoubtedly argues with great cogency that the rate of wages is not determined by the amount of capital, and that there is no necessary tendency of population to press upon subsistence. Furthermore, considering the great and increasing tendency toward land monopolization in Great Britain, and

the consequent distress of the laboring classes, it may be suspected that their eager reception of Mr. George's book, which Mr. Mallock gravely reprehends, indicates that they find in it some truth, as well as mere plausibility.

H. F.

BRIEFER NOTICES.

We have three volumes from the Presbyterian Board of Publication. "How it Came About" is by Mrs. A. R. Dunning, author of "Letting Down the Bars," etc. It tells the story of the lovely life of a crippled and apparently helpless child, and "how it came about" that the sweet influence of her unobtrusive goodness was a power for the amending of the lives of all who were brought within its reach, so that even her memory after death "smelled sweet and blossomed from the dust." "Roderick Granger," by Margaret E. Winslow, author of "Three Girls in Italy," etc., etc., is diametrically the opposite of this angel child, and does mischief to the characters of his most intimate friends, until by a sudden and wonderful change of heart he is converted from a secret tyrant, a falsifier and a sneak thief to a religious and altogether edifying new boy, and becomes really, and not merely apparently, "the best fellow in the world." It is difficult for readers unacquainted with the technical expressions used by the author of this book to always follow her thoughts. She uses very freely the expressions, "he was not a Christian," or "he had been a Christian nearly two years," without a hint that the persons referred to had been brought up as Parsees, Mahomedans or other alien religionists. "A Good Catch," by Mrs. Helen E. Brown, tells the story of "Mrs. Emerson's Whaling Cruise," one which we are assured by the author is literally true, its details being chiefly drawn from the journal of Mrs. Emerson herself. It tells how much good she and her little daughter *Minnie* were able to do on the ship *Caledonia* during their four years' whaling voyage. Its style is simple and unaffected.

Number II. of the "By-paths of Bible Knowledge," published by the Religious Tract Society of London, is a short account of Assyrian life and history, by M. E. Harkness, with an introduction by R. Stuart Poole, of the British Museum. The narrative is clearly, concisely and correctly told, and will serve not only as "a popular guide to Assyrian history," but also as "an introduction to the study of Assyriology." The illustrations are carefully made from originals in the British Museum, and the book contains in cuneiform, in transcription and in translation, a portion of a tablet on which the name of Hezekiah occurs. The Tract Society are preparing to publish in this series: III.—A sketch of the most striking confirmations of the Bible shown in the recent discoveries and translations of monuments in Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, etc., by Rev. A. H. Sayce. IV.—"Babylonian Life and History, as Illustrated by the Monuments," by Mr. Budge, of the British Museum. V.—"The Recent Survey of Palestine and the Most Striking Results of It." VI.—"Egypt—History, Art and Customs, as Illustrated by the Monuments in the British Museum." VII.—"Underground Jerusalem."

"Ned on the River," by Edward S. Ellis, (Philadelphia: Porter & Coates), is No. 3 and last of the "Boy Pioneer Series," a story of frontier life and adventure, beginning in 1789, and introducing as one of the central figures the stalwart form of Daniel Boone. The hero of the tale is an Indian, *Deerfoot*, who will appear in a new series of volumes to be called "The Log Cabin Series," the first of which will be entitled "The Lost Trail."

An irreverent reader might say, we fear, that the amount of profane language would

not be diminished by a solid and rather dull book of three hundred pages on the subject. Nevertheless, the author's purpose is good, and we must judge him, if not his book, on that. ("The Folly of Profanity." By Rev. W. H. Luckenbach, A. M. With an introduction by Milton Valentine, D. D. Lutheran Publication Society, Philadelphia, 1884.) Some of the historical facts given are interesting; but is it true, for instance, as stated, that the Germans as a nation, are not profane? Among the suggestions made by the author for the suppression of profanity is that of carrying a small tract in your hand ready for the first sinner you meet. The work might almost be said to be "accented with thunder and punctuated with lightning," so numerous are the italics and exclamation points. On the title page there appears in Hebrew letters the name of God, surrounded by a halo, and the legend, "Hallowed be Thy Name." We regret to remark that three of the four Hebrew letters here found are misprints.

One of the most delightful of modern juvenile classics, Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Wonder Book for Boys and Girls," is issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, in most appropriate luxuriousness of type, binding and illustrations, the last being from the pencil of Mr. F. S. Church. The delicate fancifulness of this artist is well suited for the illustration of works of pure imagination; and in this work he appears to have very happily indicated the curious mingling of the old classic spirit with the modern or Gothic element. The drawings are light and sketchy in style, but none the less pleasing. Some of the head and tail pieces are even more delightfully artistic than the larger illustrations. Of the latter our special favorites are the misty apparition of *Giant Atlas*, and little *Pandora* cherishing the winged consoler, *Hope*.

In the "Stuff and Nonsense" of A. B. Frost (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), that well-known and popular artist has pushed his original and ever-amusing drollery to the outermost limits of grotesque extravagance. His pictures and nonsense verses are funny, there is no doubt about that. He who turns the pages of the book necessarily laughs, but he probably does so under protest. Whether Mr. Frost has done justice to his fine artistic powers in issuing caricatures in which there is neither line nor hint of beauty, is, it may be said, his own concern; the moralist may take issue with him on other grounds, and consider this series of jokes, in which every funny situation is founded on the bodily sufferings of the comic subject—a poisoned cat, a donkey with a bunch of fire-crackers at his tail, etc., etc.—a really objectionable and debasing influence.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Messrs. Charles Griffin & Co., of London, have published a "Year Book of the Scientific and Learned Societies of Great Britain and Ireland," giving an account of their origin, constitution and working, to which is appended a list of the leading scientific societies throughout the world.

Under the title, "Where Shall I Educate My Son?" Charles Eyre Pascoe (London, Houlston & Sons, 1884) has given a detailed account of the advantages and requirements of the English public schools.

Messrs. James Maclehose & Sons, of Glasgow, have published a third edition of Professor Nichol's "Tables of European and American History, Art and Literature."

White & Co., of London, have made a handsome volume of "The Historical Charters and Constitutional Documents of the City of London," with an introduction and notes by "An Antiquary."

Mrs. Oliphant's new serial story, the first instalment of which will appear in the January *Atlantic*, is entitled, "A Country Gentleman."

Persons whose attention has been attracted to Omar Khayyám by the new illustration for his "Rubáiyát," by Mr. Elihu Vedder, will be glad to know that the complete name of the poet is Ghiar ud din Abul Fathah Omar bin Ibrahim Al Khayyám.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett's "Country Doctor" is now in its seventh thousand. It well deserves this success.

The curious pictures in Mr. Leland's "Algonquin Legends of New England" are from designs scraped on birch bark by an Indian.

We find the following personal details in a literary contemporary, relating to a young but already distinguished Southern writer: "William H. Hayne, son of the Southern poet, Paul H. Hayne, is 28 years old, unmarried, and resides with his parents at Cope Hill, sixteen and a half miles from Augusta, Ga. He is a small man, five and a half feet in height, and averaging but a few pounds more than the late Alexander H. Stephens in weight, and is decidedly brunette in complexion, resembling a Creole. Both in size and in handwriting he is very like his mother. He was delicate in his youth, on which account he received his education chiefly at home. Mr. Hayne has been writing for publication since 1881, and produces both prose and verse, though his reputation is in the line of the latter. His first noteworthy poem was in memory of the late Sidney Lanier, with whom the Haynes were intimately acquainted. His prose work has consisted of biographical and critical papers about Southern authors, and has been done for *THE AMERICAN*, of Philadelphia, to which Mr. Hayne occasionally contributes verses. His longest pastoral, 'In a Southern Swamp,' appeared in *Home and Farm*, of Louisville, Ky., and was highly praised by American critics, as well as by an English poet of repute. Mr. Hayne intends to write more Southern landscape poetry; he is at present engaged upon a prose work of some importance, the nature of which will soon be revealed. He possesses one or two of his father's poetical characteristics, which would of itself assure him much success in the field of poetry."

One of Turgeneff's most ambitious efforts is now being published as a serial in *The Voice*, the new weekly issued by Funk & Wagnalls. The story is translated directly from the Russian, by Henri Gersoni. It is a tale of Russian life, and is said to be one of the most pathetic that Turgeneff ever penned. The English title given it is "An Unfortunate Woman." It will be published in book form at a later date by the same house.

Mr. Ayres, the author of "The Mentor," "The Verbalist," "The Orthoepist," etc., has been appointed to the chair of Elocution, Orthoepy (English, French and German) and Rhetoric, in the new "Lyceum Theatre School of Acting," at New York.

Funk & Wagnalls, of New York, have in press "The Sabbath for Man," by Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, a study of Sabbath observance in all its relations, based chiefly on a symposium of correspondence with persons of all nations and denominations.

Tourguée's new book, "An Appeal to Caesar," although not a novel, has reached its fifth thousand in less than two weeks after publication.

"Black and White," the little volume treating of educational, land and labor problems in connection with the colored race, by one of their number, T. Thomas Fortune, editor of the *New York Globe*, has gone to a second edition.

Messrs. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, have just published a history of duelling, by Major Ben. C. Truman, with the title, "The Field of Honor;" "Dorcas: Daughter of Faustina. A Tale of Rome and the Early Christians," by Nathan C. Kouns, author of "Arius, the Libyan;" and a new novel of Wall street and Washington, entitled "On a Margin," by an author whose name is not given.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will shortly publish, by arrangement with the Vienna publisher, a translation prepared by Dr. Barney Sachs, with the authorization of the author, of "Dr. Meynert's Treatise on Psychiatric." The first part of the work, devoted to the anatomy and physiology of the brain, the publishers hope to have ready by the beginning of the new year. The work will be fully illustrated. The same firm have made arrangements with Lieutenant Shufeldt to publish a popular narrative of his adventures in Madagascar. The volume will be entitled, "The Land of Sinbad the Sailor," and will be handsomely illustrated.

Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., London, announce the issue, in four volumes, of the new translation of "Don Quixote," upon which the accomplished Spanish scholar, John Ormsby, has for years been engaged. He has written a comprehensive introduction to the work, and has appended copious notes, together with an account of the chivalry romances which supplied Cervantes with the motive for "Don Quixote," and a bibliography which, it is hoped, will be found fuller and more accurate than any that has yet appeared.

In a review in the *Athenæum* of Berliner's "Targum Onkelos," it is stated that the chief rabbi of England, Dr. N. Adler, is preparing a critical edition of "Targum Jonathan."

Messrs. Chatto & Windus (London) will publish the English copyright edition of Mark Twain's "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn."

It is announced that Mr. Lucien Wolf, editor of the *London Jewish World*, and author of a thoughtful article in the *Fortnightly Review*, will write a memoir of Sir Moses Montefiore. The American edition will be published by Harper & Bros.

The *Academy* (London) attributes the backwardness in the American publishing season to political distraction.

The *London Saturday Review* devotes over a page to American athletics.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Jewish Law of Marriage and Divorce in Ancient and Modern Times, and Its Relation to the Law of the State. By Rev. Dr. M. Mielziner. Pp. 149 \$2.00. Cincinnati: The Bloch Publishing and Printing Co.

Tales of Three Cities. By Henry James. Pp. 359. \$1.50. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston. (Porter & Coates, Philadelphia).

Thomas Carlyle. A History of His Life in London—1834—1881. By James Anthony Froude. M. A. Two volumes in one. Pp. IX, and 382, IX, and 417. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.).

Public Relief and Private Charity. By Josephine Shaw Lowell. Pp. 110. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.).

Thirty Thousand Thoughts. Being Extracts Covering a Comprehensive Circle of Religious and Allied Topics. Edited by the Rev. Canon H. D. M. Spence, Rev. Joseph H. Snell, Rev. Charles Neil. Vol. II. Pp. 501. \$3.50. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

Stuff and Nonsense. [Illustrations.] By A. B. Frost. Pp. 92. \$1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia).

Stories by American Authors. VII. By Octave Thanet, Edward Bellamy, Louise Stockton, Margaret Floyd, James T. McKay and Virginia W. Johnson. Pp. 179. \$0.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia).

Wanderings on Parnassus. Poems by J. Hazard Hartzell. Pp. 228. \$1.50. Thomas Whittaker, New York. (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia).

Three Visits to America. By Emily Faithfull. Pp. 400. \$—, Fowler & Wells Co., New York. (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia).

At the World's Mercy. By the author of "The House on the Marsh," etc. Pp. 171. \$0.25. D. Appleton & Co., New York. (Porter & Coates, Philadelphia).

Allan Dare and Robert le Diable. A Romance. By Admiral Porter. Part III. \$0.25. D. Appleton & Co., New York. (Porter & Coates, Philadelphia).

Two Compton Boys. By Augustus Hoppin. [With ninety-three illustrations by the author.] Pp. 169. \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia).

Maryland. The History of a Palatinate. [American Commonwealth Series.] By William Hand Browne. Pp. 292. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia).

THEN?

[Dora Read Goodale in the Independent.]

With me endeavor barren dies—
Unbalanced Nature wronged my blood.
In him the fortunate heaven lies
And all things verge to final good.

I brought the beggars to my door;
The sick were healed, the hungry fed.
Now, when a famine grinds the poor,
Behold! they turn to him for bread.

My neighbors greet him on the way;
Their eyes seek his, electric, free.
How one such look would years repay;
But such a look is not for me.

His are large force and virile speech;
My goods I waste, my youth I spend;
And when success is close in reach,
One hurried step destroys the end.

His will prevails that right be done;
I also fight, the victory miss.
He earns the manly issue won;
I never earned defeat like this.

At last, when no more failure is,
And all accounts are balanced true,
How will my fate be weighed with his,
And life made just between us two?

ART NOTES.

Henry Bacon, who spent the summer at Etretat, France, has several important pictures either finished or well under way, among them one of a girl swinging on a rope which hangs from the bowsprit of one of the picturesque Etretat fishing boats. A boy standing by, watching her, is especially admired by artist friends who have seen it. It is a charming bit of color, and is sure to be taken off the artist's hands as soon as it is shown, so that it is doubtful if Mr. Bacon's many admirers in America will have an opportunity to see it.

Another work just finished by the same artist, and which has already made a profound impression on those who have been so fortunate as to see it, is a view of the cremation at midnight of the body of an Indian prince who died very suddenly at Etretat last summer. It will readily be seen that the subject is a very striking one, and Mr. Bacon has treated it in a masterly and impressive manner.

Mr. John T. Coolidge, of Boston, is at work in the same place at a picture of an old woman praying in the church at Etretat. The figure is life-size, and the execution is very admirable. The work is a great improvement over Mr. Coolidge's picture in the last *Salon*, and will add greatly to the painter's reputation—which is enviable already—among those for whose approbation the artist with any seriousness of purpose cares the most. Mr. Coolidge intends to return to America and to settle in Boston next

spring. That city is certainly to be congratulated on so valuable an accession to the ranks of her art workers.

The art circles of Paris are much agitated at present over an exhibition at the gallery of George Petit, Rue de Sèxe, which is held, so it is announced, "for a charitable object." The collection is not only one of exceptional excellence in itself, but the interest is enhanced by the fact that rumor says the owner has inserted in her will a clause ordering all her pictures burned immediately after her death. How much truth there is in the report nobody knows, but the story is sufficiently startling to draw a great deal of attention to the exhibition, which contains, among other things, a Rembrandt of extreme beauty: Fortuny's "A Spanish Marriage," several Daubignys, some small pictures by Delacroix, several very good Fromentins, and Baudry's "Diana Surprised," in which latter, the artists say, "the French Michael Angelo" is responsible for some most un-Michael Angelique drawing, which would undoubtedly have surprised the goddess who knew how to be particular on occasion more than the unexpected appearance of Cupid, which furnishes the subject of the picture. The Rembrandt is a child's head, a perfect glow of golden color. As a piece of painting it is marvellous in its strength and delicacy. In striking contrast with these are several of Bonnat's early works. These are of children, too, but they are very hard and black. Bonnat is represented by a portrait of himself and by a landscape, neither of which is very remarkable. The portrait suffers also by its proximity to a superb old portrait of "A Magistrate," by Thomas de Keyser, which hangs above it. Other attractions are a wonderfully good portrait of Ribot, a life-size portrait by Goya, copied by Fortuny, and a pastel portrait of a young lady, by De Nittis, almost a monochrome, but very harmonious. The gem of the collection is, however, Henri Regnault's "Salomé," one of the most impressive works of this brilliant painter, whose influence on the generation to which he belonged has been more pronounced, perhaps, than that of any other master.

There is on exhibition at Earles' Gallery, on Chestnut street, a battle picture of much interest, artistically as well as historically. It is entitled "An August Morning with Farragut," and represents the most memorable incident of the battle of Mobile Bay, the encounter between the flag ship "Hartford" and the rebel ram "Tennessee." The scene is well conceived, the grouping spirited, and the execution good enough to command attention anywhere. It is the work of Mr. W. H. Overend, who is, we should say, one of the few American artists resident in Europe for whom expatriation does not mean denationalization. The picture has been admirably reproduced by the photogravure process and will be a valuable addition to the pictorial record of the war.

THE COBDEN CLUB.

[The following are extracts from the speech of Hon. Thomas H. Dudley, of New Jersey, at Astoria, N. Y., a few evenings ago. Mr. Dudley was formerly Consul of the United States at Liverpool, and is thoroughly familiar with English social and business circles.—ED. THE AMERICAN.]

Having lived abroad, I know the Englishmen, their feelings and their sentiments upon this question. With them anything is good that benefits them, regardless of its effect upon other nations. I was dining on one occasion at the Reform Club, in London. It was quite a large dinner party and a number of members of Parliament were present, and the subject under discussion was that of the Irish people and of the Irish nation. On this occasion as on

occasions before—very frequently indeed,—the Irish were the subject of discussion; and generally the criticisms that were passed upon them were not very favorable to that people or to that nation, and so it was upon this occasion. In the midst of the conversation one of the gentlemen spoke up and said this: "The only time that an Irishman is of any benefit is when he emigrates to the United States and joins the Democratic party and votes for Free Trade." That was applauded by every man at the table excepting myself.

England is carrying out this work of breaking down our protective policy, and to accomplish it has formed the Cobden Club—and for wealth, power and influence I know of no political organization in this world that is its equal. It includes statesmen, politicians, bankers, merchants, the legal profession, manufacturers and ministers of the gospel, and even the Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Coleridge, is a member of it. It includes in its membership 219 members of Parliament, and every member of the present English Cabinet except Lord Selbourne is a member of the Cobden Club. It has its agents all over this country; it has issued documents, and now has as its chief agent the Democratic party of this country. They distributed in this country last year over 700,000 copies of their documents and pamphlets with the object of educating our people to break down the American system of Protection. In support of my statement I hold in my hand a copy of their minutes, which came to me directly from the Cobden Club in London, in the month of March of this year, while I was there. The London Times, in a recent article, said: "It is to the New World that the Cobden Club is chiefly looking as the most likely sphere for its vigorous foreign policy. It has done what it can in Europe, and is now turning its eyes westward and bracing itself for the struggle which is to come. *It cannot rest while the United States are unsubdued.*"

That foreign institution—that foreign club, formed on English soil, sustained by English wealth, by English influence and English power, cannot rest until the United States are subdued, and they are

AT WORK SUBDUING US.

I repeat, they have their agents all over this country, that they have distributed 700,000 copies of their circulars here; they are busy, they are in your towns, and they are even in your colleges and your institutions of learning.

Let me read an extract from the minutes—not published here—this is an English book, coming from London directly, from the Cobden Club, sent to me by a gentleman living in London. It is the annual meeting of the Cobden Club, held at the Century Club Rooms, on Saturday, July 19, 1884: "Special report for the club—for the members of the club alone. The Cobden medal for 1883 at Harvard University, United States of America, was awarded to Mr. David L. Conyngham for an essay on the decline and future of the American shipping. At Williams College, Massachusetts, United States of America, the Cobden medal for 1884 was won by Henry H. Wentworth, Niagara Falls, New York, and the 1884 medal at Yale College, Connecticut, United States of America, was won by Albert Monroe Pott, of Montclair, New Jersey." But this is not all! The man who teaches political economy in Yale College, Professor Sumner, is a member of the Cobden Club, of England. The man who is selected to teach our students political economy in Williams College, Professor Perry, is also a member of the Cobden Club—his name is here among the list of members. David A. Wells, of Connecticut, is a member. Let me read you further from their minutes—from their own book—from

page 18 of their proceedings for 1883: "In the United States . . . the exertions of your committee in disseminating publications have had the effect to bring free exchange to the front as one of the great questions of the day. Your committee continue to afford all the assistance in their power to those who are laboring in the Free Trade power in foreign countries. In America, in the course of political events, there is great promise. Within three or four years the attention of the American people has been in a large extent directed to this question which has long been kept pretty much out of sight by considerations arising out of the effects of the great civil war. The result of turning public attention in this direction is seen in the fact that revenue reform has become a leading question in the Presidential contest, and is on the winning side!"

When I come to look at the list of members of the Cobden Club I find Henry Ward Beecher among them, and I can understand why he is going to vote for Grover Cleveland. He ought to do so, for he is a member of the club. When I look further and see Carl Schurz in the list of members of the Cobden Club I can understand why he is going to vote for Grover Cleveland. But that is not all; you have also the name here of S. S. Cox, who is running for Congress in New York. He, too, is a member of the Cobden Club, and when he votes for the Morrison bill he is but carrying out the instructions of that club.

Mr. Morrison, who introduced that bill, is also a member of that club; his name is here among them, as also that of Frank Hurd, who has just been defeated in Ohio. It is not to be expected that these prominent members of the Cobden Club whom I have named will vote for James G. Blaine, and if you want to repeal the American system and adopt English Free Trade, then vote for Grover Cleveland. If, on the other hand, you are in favor of protecting the laboring men and women of this country against the starvation wages of Europe, then vote for James G. Blaine. [Prolonged applause.] This is a question in which every one has interest; that comes home to every one of you.

DRIFT.

While Verdi was putting the finishing touches upon "Il Trovatore" he was visited in his study by a privileged friend, who was one of the ablest musicians and critics. The latter was permitted to glance over the score and try the "Anvil chorus" on the piano-forte. "What do you think of that?" asked the master. "Trash!" said the connoisseur. Verdi rubbed his hands and chuckled. "Now look at this, and this, and this," he said. "Rubbish!" The composer rose and embraced his friend with a burst of joy. "What do you mean by such strange conduct?" asked the critical one. "My dear friend," responded the master, "I have been composing a 'popular' opera; in it I resolved to please everybody except the great judges and classicists like you. Had I pleased you, I would have pleased no one else; what you say assures me of success. In three months 'Il Trovatore' will be sung, and roared, and whistled, and barrel-organed all over Italy." And so it was!—Manchester Times.

Some of the Jewish papers are pointing out that in Toulon and Marseilles the Jewish population, which by no means always lives in the healthiest parts of those towns, has been singularly exempt from the ravages of the cholera. They unhesitatingly attribute this escape to the dietary and hygienic regulations prescribed by the Mosaic ritual. The probability is, however, that the Jews have been insured to miasma and all kinds of disease germs during the

centuries of their confinement to their ghettos. All the weakly Jews being killed off, a plague-proof variety has alone survived. Perhaps modern sanitary reformers are apt to overlook the valuable body of hygienic truths contained in those ancient ordinances. The traditional health of Jewish colonies in all parts of the world amid the most violent epidemics is a significant fact, at any rate.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

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An armful of nauseous, or silly, or vulgar novels is as great an affliction as a number of happy, reasonable, and wholesome stories are a delight. Love is the legitimate object of romance. We are no longer young; but a novel without a love story is an abomination to us. Nevertheless, there are many other things in life—a great many—besides love, and he or she is a poor practitioner who can do nothing but ring the changes upon that one episode of existence whether in the form of the strictly virtuous but highly unreasonable quarrellings which keep two lovers apart for two volumes, the misunderstandings which any reasonable person could clear up with half a dozen words, or in the more questionable shape of uneasy and hair-breadth balancings upon the edge of vice. We have a great deal too much of this in contemporary fiction. Our brethren of the weekly press who lay down the law upon the subject, and part of whose capital and stock in trade, when they begin the exercise of their profession, is a series of short essays upon the female novelist, would have us believe that she is the sinner, and that the inherent viciousness which makes women desire to read Greek and study medicine is at the bottom of this degradation of the art.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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The Washington *Star* says: Now that the appliances for electric lighting have been removed from the Capitol, it has been found that the building presents a most untidy appearance by reason of the billions of insects which have been drawn thither by the brilliancy of the electric lights, and whose skeletons are either hanging on the walls, held fast by a death grip, or are piled up in heaps all over the recesses of the roof. To the student of insect life this would prove a grand field for study and discovery. There are myriads of May flies, beetles, crickets, earwigs, dragon flies, grasshoppers, caddis flies, bees, wasps, ants, hornets, butterflies, moths, cicadas, froghoppers, plant lice, water beetles, whirligigs, skippers, horned midges, gnats, mosquitoes, and every species of insectoria known to the surrounding swamps and woods of this district.

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A building which has been for many years in the hands of the contractors will be opened for public use almost immediately. At a cost of over 9,000,000 francs, Paris has built a new Post-office, and placed it on the site of the old one, erected in the year 1757. In the lapse of more than a century the French capital, like our own, has stretched westward, but still the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau remains the centre of the great city on the Seine. The new building is simply an establishment on a very large scale for the reception, the sorting, and the delivery of the correspondence of the French capital. In Rome the fresco painter and the landscape gardener were called in to assist the labors of the architect, and the new Post-office in the Via Convertiti is one of the most picturesque of buildings. In Paris business requirements alone were considered. Two improvements have been adopted which might well be imitated on this side of the Channel. A large room is set apart for the use of persons who desire to write letters. It is furnished with maps, guide books, dictionaries and directories, and has a supply

of pens, ink and blotting paper. An attendant supplies stationery at cost price, and there is a small charge of a penny or two-pence for the use of the room. In another wing of the building a passage is fitted with letter boxes hired out at an annual rent to merchants and business men. These boxes have doors in front and doors behind. The keys of the latter are with the Post-office authorities, and as soon as the mails come in letters are put into their respective boxes, while the clerks outside bring them to their masters without the delay of a general delivery. This system, now about to be introduced into the capital, has for some years been in use in large towns in France and Switzerland. It is general in the United States.

PRESS OPINIONS.

WILD BEASTS IN INDIA.

The N. Y. Star.

They want a St. Patrick in British India to repeat the Irish process of extermination and

Give the snakes and toads a twist
And banish them forever.

Great efforts are being made there to reduce the number of wild beasts and venomous reptiles, but to very little purpose. The statistics for 1882, which have just been published, show that the list of their victims is greater than ever, having gradually risen in seven years from 19,279 to 22,125. Of this number no fewer than 19,519 were killed by snakes. Tigers claimed 859 victims; wolves, 278; leopards, 207, and elephants, 60. Wolves seem to be the only wild animals in India that are in a fair way to become extirpated. The number of cattle killed in 1882 was 49,710. Tigers and leopards were the greatest sinners, the former being responsible for 16,517 and the latter for 15,970; while 8961 were killed by wolves and 2167 by snakes. The contra account shows that the total number of wild beasts killed in the Indian provinces was 18,591, considerably less than any year from 1875 to 1879. The crusade against snakes was more successful, the list of killed having risen in six years from 117,958 to 322,421.

WIMBLEDON.

The N. Y. Sun.

American riflemen are meditating upon the question of sending a team to Wimbledon next year to recover, if possible, the laurels lost by them in the contests of 1882 and 1883 with the British Volunteers. An international contest absorbs a large share of the season's interest in rifle practice, and also, when it includes the sending of a team to Wimbledon Common, uses up a large part of the funds that can be collected for the year's work of the National Rifle Association. If the development of new marksmen in the National Guard, the improvement of old ones, or the gain in arms and ammunition has been very decided during the last twelve months, there may be good ground for sending a team to England next summer. Otherwise, our National Guardsmen should patiently wait before again seeking the championship at military shooting, just as the British riflemen have quietly ceased to contest at Creedmoor the possession of the Palma, the international emblem of superiority in long-range shooting with fine rifles.

ELECTRIC LIGHTHOUSES.

The N. Y. Herald.

Some light is thrown on the important question of the availability of electricity as an illuminant for lighthouses in a recent paper reporting results of the French scientist M. Allard's experiments. In ordinarily clear atmospheric conditions it has been found that the light at Dunkirk, which is obtained from mineral oil and is of 6250 candle power, is visible thirty-two miles, while an electric light of 125,000 candles is visible forty-six miles. Thus an increase in the illuminating power of twenty times only increases the distance penetrated thirteen miles, or 42 per cent. But in air of less than ordinary transparency the electric light can be seen only two and a half miles further than the mineral oil light—an increase of only 24 per cent. In very foggy weather the electric light penetrates but little over half a mile further than the oil light.

The electric light from this showing is not, after all, so very much better for lighthouse purposes than mineral oil. But it should be remembered that the cost of an electric light of 125,000 candles

is, according to the computation of both French and English engineers, from four to six times less than that of an oil light of equal penetrative power. For this reason the electric light bids fair to become the future illuminant for all great lighthouses. If such lights as that of the new Eddystone, with its electric beam of 160,000 candles, or the electric Lizard, which has been seen by a ship seven miles distant in a fog, were more numerous on the sea coast the perils of the mariner would be greatly reduced.

RAILROAD LIQUIDATION.

The N. Y. Herald.

Some consolation is being found in the fact that while the mileage and total funded debts of the railroads are much larger now than they were in 1876 the amounts in default are less by more than one-half. In 1876 more than thirty-six per cent of the bonds were in default, as compared with about nine per cent of the present day. This shows that while the condition of the railroads may be threatening it is far from hopeless, and gives rise to the belief that under safe and honest management we may be spared a repetition of the widespread ruin which overtook the roads in the years succeeding the crisis of 1873.

ILLUSTRATED DAILY PAPERS.

The Philadelphia Record.

The great newspapers of the country, in addition to giving the current news, have so encroached upon the field of the pamphleteers that the magazines and reviews, in order to maintain their hold upon popular patronage, have been driven to the necessity of attracting the eye by pictorial illustration. But many newspapers are now making serious inroads in this new field. Some of their illustrations are rough, some of them silly, and some of them inexcusable; but they appeal to the eye, and it is possible that with the advance of illustrative art the rapid newspaper sketches may be made a valuable adjunct of newspaper work. Many things difficult of explanation in the printed page are made clear by a few strokes of the graver's hand.

ELECTION PROBABILITIES.

The Philadelphia News.

The situation as it stands to-day, makes the following estimate of the outcome about as trustworthy as any that can be formulated. It is an honest judgment derived from a careful view of the field without regard to personal or partisan considerations:

FOR CLEVELAND.	
Alabama.....	10
Arkansas.....	7
Delaware.....	3
Florida.....	4
Georgia.....	12
Kentucky.....	13
Louisiana.....	8
Maryland.....	8
Mississippi.....	9
Missouri.....	10
North Carolina.....	11
South Carolina.....	9
Tennessee.....	12
Texas.....	12
Virginia.....	12
West Virginia.....	6
Total.....	153
FOR BLAINE.	
California.....	8
Colorado.....	3
Illinois.....	22
Indiana.....	15
Iowa.....	13
Kansas.....	9
Maine.....	6
Massachusetts.....	14
Michigan.....	13
Minnesota.....	7
Nebraska.....	5
New Hampshire.....	4
Ohio.....	23
Oregon.....	3
Pennsylvania.....	30
Rhode Island.....	4
Wisconsin.....	11
Vermont.....	4
Total.....	194

DOUBTFUL STATES.

New York.....	30
Nevada.....	3
New Jersey.....	9
Connecticut.....	6
Total.....	54

This estimate is by no means strained in favor of Blaine. It is safe to say that the calm judgment of political observers of every complexion will approve it in full view of the field as it is.

Blaine is shown to lack only seven votes of the necessary 201, and certainly he has an even chance of getting these from either New York and New Jersey, Nevada and Connecticut or New York alone. Nevada, indeed, we allow to be doubtful only through abundant caution. Indiana we put down as sure for Blaine because we do not believe it seriously enters into the calculations of Democratic managers since the Ohio election.

To sum up: Blaine may win by carrying New York alone in addition to the States that are sure for him, or New Jersey alone, or Nevada and Connecticut, whereas Cleveland must carry every one of them except Nevada to make his election sure.

THE MEN.

The Philadelphia Press.

The people of the State of New York are this week confronted by a striking spectacle. The

Presidential candidate of one great party stands before them boldly proclaiming his political faith and defending every point of his party creed; while the candidate of the great party timidly evades and dodges the issue which is confessedly the great dividing line in the present contest. The one is a man whose name is identified with every step and every act of his party since it became an organization; the other is a man whose availability lay in his obscurity, whose strength consists of his destitution of public record, and whose popularity has depended upon his ability to keep silent on the vital issues of the campaign. The appearance in the State of Blaine, fearlessly declaring the doctrines and purposes of Republicanism, and the contrast he forces against Cleveland, silent, ignorant and afraid to announce a definite principle either on behalf of himself or his party, form a spectacle which no courageous American can contemplate without amazement. It is at once the most humiliating illustration of Democratic cowardice and the noblest instance of Republican heroism the country has witnessed in a decade.

SHOTGUN POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The N. Y. Tribune.

The old South wanted Free Trade. Elevation of labor and diversification of industry did not suit the patriarchal institution. The new South wants Protection, for it wants mines and mills, factories and furnaces, skilled labor and capital. How do they settle it? The old South shoots the leaders of the new South, and counts 153 solid Electoral votes for the Democracy of Carlisle and Cleveland. If the colored workers threaten to vote for their interests as laborers, there is a "riot" or a "battle," in which all the killed and wounded are colored.

But 153 votes are not enough. The other forty-eight—where can the old South get them? Not in Ohio; not in Indiana; manufactures move westward, and enrich western farmers, and teach them what the old South will not learn. Western wool-growers remember how they were cheated by Democratic pledges. With western miners, they hear Boston mugwumps and New York Democrats preaching the gospel of "free raw materials." The forty-eight votes must be found in New York and New Jersey, with a few in Connecticut or Nevada, or not at all. Then come the importers of this city. Most of them have at heart

foreign rather than American interests; many are aliens to whom this city is only a hotel; many more are agents of foreign houses. Their clerks and bookkeepers, their porters and workmen, form a small army; the lawyers, the bankers, the insurance and shipping companies with which they do business are many also. In neighboring towns of New Jersey and Connecticut they have many homes and much influence and preach Free Trade forever. The papers of this city that are kept alive by foreign influence and importers, advertising pretend that these are "the business men" of New York, and shout the chorus of Free Trade as if the 150,000 workers in manufactures were robbers and foes of their country.

If Jersey City, with 5000 majority, can make New Jersey a foreign State as it did in 1880, in spite of a majority for Garfield of 3000 outside of that city; if Fairfield county and New Haven city, with 3000 majority, can make Connecticut a foreign State, as they did in 1876, in spite of a majority for Hayes elsewhere; and if New York, with 51,000 and Brooklyn with 18,000 can make this a foreign State, as they did in 1876, in spite of a majority of 40,000 against Tilden outside of those two cities, then the conspiracy can prevail. American interests can then be overthrown by the foreign influence about New York bay and by the shotgun. The importers have millions to give. A very hungry and very thirsty Democracy must have millions to hold its votes. The price, Free Trade, a party controlled by the old South will always pay with joy.

These are the bottom facts of this great struggle of 1884. The rest is fraud or farce.

THE VOTE IN GERMANY.

The Philadelphia News.

The result of the elections held October 28th in Germany is now definitely ascertained as far as seventy-four districts are concerned. In twenty-nine districts there was no choice, and second ballots will have to be taken. The successful candidates include thirteen of the Centre, seven Socialists, six German Liberals, five Imperialists, four Conservatives, two of the "People's Party," one Guelph and one Alsatian. In the twenty-nine districts still in doubt thirteen Socialists will contest the seats with candidates of other parties.

The Progressists are disappointed at the result

in Berlin, where in the Fourth district a Socialist Singer, was elected by a majority of 1000 over a fusion ticket of Liberals and Conservatives. The increase of 38,000 in the Socialist vote may give the German Chancellor matter for reflection. The Liberal vote showed a decrease of 10,000. A portion of this loss no doubt went to swell the Socialist vote.

In every movement that points to revolution the extremists always end by carrying the moderates with them. This was the case in France during the revolution and in the German rising of 1848.

If the struggle comes to an issue during the life of the Chancellor he will certainly be equal to the emergency; but after him—what? Possibly the deluge.

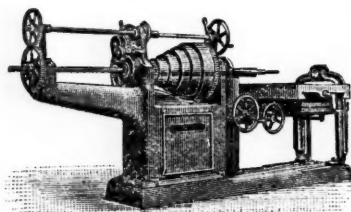
NEW JERSEY.

The Philadelphia North American.

There is probably no better authority upon New Jersey politics than United States Senator Sewell, and when he talks he usually says something. He is not given to roseate views of majorities, but thinks that Blaine will come out 1700 votes ahead in New Jersey. The uncertain factor he considers the Prohibition vote, though he makes what he thinks an ample allowance for their strength. He puts down the majority in the First at 3700, the Second at 2000, the Fifth 2500, and the Sixth at 3000, or a total of 11,200. For Cleveland the majorities are estimated as follows: Third district, 2000; Fourth, 4500, and Seventh, 3000, or 9500. Good, hard work from now to election day is required in every district in the State.

THE LARGEST WORKSHOP OF THE BODY IS THE liver, whose office it is to withdraw the bile from the blood. When this important organ does not act, the skin assumes a yellow appearance, and generally a sick headache sets in, with chilly sensations, and cold hands and feet, accompanied by loss of appetite. The system becomes clogged, the machinery does not work well, and both mind and body are disordered, the afflicted becoming cross and fretful, finding fault with everything around them. To any person in this condition, Dr. D. Jayne's Sensitive Pills are recommended. By their stimulating action, the liver soon recovers its healthy tone, and is enabled to perform its proper functions; costiveness is cured, and all the aggravating symptoms of biliousness removed.

MISCELLANEOUS.



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